

Bled vs Rue

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Summary: When O'Malley takes over Red base, Red and Blue are forced to unite again. Friends. Foes. Warfare. Red vs. Blue fic.

1. Truce

****_Bled vs. Rue_****

****Summary****: When O'Malley takes over Red base, Red and Blue are forced to unite again. Friends. Foes. Warfare.

****Notes****: We can all admit that there's not enough Red vs. Blue fanfiction out there. And most of it turns out to be romantically linked, and even slashy. Slash itself is not bad. But slash and Red vs. Blue is not my goal.

What is my goal? To destroy the universe! Which, naturally, begins with writing this fanfic. I'm hoping to make it a lengthy spinoff of the series. It contains both in-character humour and serious elements of story. It takes place at no particular time in the RvB series, only sometime after they return to Blood Gulch and before Tucker gets sick. It's also an AU (alternate universe), meaning it will have no relevance to the actually timeline (Timeâ€¦line?) of RvB from mid-Season Four and on.

What's this about? Read the summary. Too lazy to read the summary? Then read the story. This fic will be based around all characters, as usual, but a great deal of the plot is situated around Caboose and Church (again, not slash, no romance, no links or kinkswhatsoever). And yes. There is plot. There is plot now, there was plot one week ago, and in five minutes, when you ask me if there's plot, I'm going to reply, there is still plot, and there will always be plot to come.

****Disclaimer****: Red vs. Blue and all characters involved are products of the imaginations of the Rooster Teeth team. Halo itself is a product of Bungie. This fanfic is a product of my boredom. And hard

work, of course.

* * *

>Chapter One: Truce

Fifty times. Church counted. Fifty times. Wait. Fifty-one.

It was cold, it was rainy, their base was low on food rations, his stomach was empty, he had two bullets left in the sniper rifle and on top of it all, he was stuck with Caboose. Things just couldn't get any worse.

Fifty-threeâ€"what the hell was Sheila doing? Wasn't she supposed to blow up the enemy? Wasn't that what tanks were supposed to do? Why was she just circling the red base? And where the hell was O'Malley?

Church sighed and lowered the scope on the sniper rifle. "This war officially sucks."

"What is Sheila doing now?" Caboose asked in an exaggerated whisper.

"Caboose, shut up." Church turned around, putting his back to the red base. "Honestly, if Sarge hadn't promised to plant another bomb in my armor while I slept, I wouldn't even be out here."

Ever since O'Malley had shown up, his robotic army had been in complete control of the red base. Because Simmons had been captured in the skirmish, Sarge, Grif and Donut had once more called a temporary truce between Reds and Blues. Instead of four people sharing one base, it was now seven. Even worse, Sheilah had apparently taken sides against them. It probably had something to do with Lopez.

Of course, with the added "military strength", food rations had quickly become shortened. Red/Blue Command promised provisions in two weeks. In the meantime, they had to figure out how to get the red base back.

The situation with Tex had changed, too. Basically, their last conversation had gone like this:

"Tex, we will pay you. All you have to do is make sure we don't kill each other in our sleep. I don't think this truce is going to work any other way."

"All right. Which one do you want me to kill first?"

"Right. Soâ€"wait, what?"

"Oh, cut the crap. I know what you're really asking me to do. You want me to kill these red jerks in their sleep. You're just too chicken-shit to actually say it."

"What? Noâ€"actually, Tex, what I'm really asking you to do is shoot anyone who tries toâ€"you know what? Never mind. This was a bad idea."

And now Church was stuck out in the middle of Blood Gulch, soaked with rainwater, tired, hungry...yeah, life sucked. There was no telling what O'Malley was planning on doing with the red base. And Wyoming was still at large, meaning they were utterly, and royally _screwed_.

"In fact," he said, coming out of his brief reflection. "I still don't understand why _I'm_ the one doing the sniping. Isn't it a well-known fact that I suck at this?"

"That isâ€¦ a hard question." Caboose was holding a standard pistol. Ammunition was as short, if less in abundance, as food. "I thinkâ€¦ you are a good leader, and do other thingsâ€¦ well."

"Caboose, I'm not Sarge. You don't have to kiss up to me to make me happy. All you have to do, is stay as far away from me as possible. Don't look at me, don't come near me, don't even _talk_ about me."

"But," Caboose started. "What if you really, really, really need me to help you?"

"Uh, yeahâ€¦ that's not gonna happen."

"Oh." The blue team's rookie looked down slightly. "But what if-"

"Go back to the _base_, Caboose," Church sighed, annoyed.

"Okayâ€¦" Caboose turned to leave, but then turned back. "I would just like you to know, we can still be friendsâ€¦ and I will not be mad at youâ€¦ for this."

Click.

Church rolled his eyes. "For the last time, Caboose, we're _not_â€¦"

The gunshot rang out, and before Church could even think 'what the fuck', Caboose lurched forward and dropped to the ground.

Church spun around. "Holy _shit_!"

"Aha," mocked the all-to-familiar, slightly off-British voice of the deranged AI O'Malley. Crouched squarely next to a rock on the ledge across the canyon, the possessed body of Doc DuFresne was suddenly visible. The sniper resting in his hands was still smoking slightly from having fired the round. "Oh dear, I'm sorry. We you two sharing a moment?"

"Oh, you fucking, rookie-killing son-of-a-bitch," said Church, quickly aiming his own rifle at O'Malley. "You're gonna pay for that!"

"How admirably touching. My heart is bleeding with sorrow," the AI simpered sarcastically. "Now prepare to die, you fool!"

"I don't know if you've noticed, but I'm _also_ pointing a gun at you," Church pointed out. "And now I've got incentive. It's a

powerful weapon."

"Oh, really? More powerful than my robot army?" O'Malley laughed maniacally, if idiotically. "And what about a bullet, like the one that I'm going to use to kill you? Ha!"

"But, don't we only have one left? What if you miss? I don't want to die! I have so much to live for!" Doc's voice whined about a half second later.

"Agh, shut up, you fool! You're ruining my deceitful plan!" O'Malley barked to the passive medic whose body he controlled.

"I'll tell you what," said Church. "Go on. I dare you. It's not like I'll shoot you or anything if that one bullet just happens to miss me."

"Actually, I'm afraid I must end this conversation now," said O'Malley. "Don't worry. The next time we meet, I'll be sure to put an end to all of our conversations! Ha ha! Yes, I should probably write that one down."

"Oh, goody! You can use my stationery!" Doc exclaimed happily. "It has yellow paper and page numbers are cartoon animals!"

"Oh, shut up," O'Malley growled, pulling a hasty retreat. Church took that split second to fire one of his last two rounds, but the bullet streaked through the air and missed the purple armour by several feet. He swore under his breath.

"This is bad. I have to tell Sarge and the others," he announced to himself. He started off down the gradual slope, but stopped just a few yards away and turned around. "Rest in peace, rookie." He paused. "Seriously. I mean it. If you come back as a ghost, I'm gonna quit the fucking army."

With that, Church ran off towards Blue Base, leaving the blue rookie's completely motionless body on the ledge where it had landed. Rain spattered. Thunder rumbled.

A few seconds later, the two smallest fingers on Caboose's left hand twitched.

* * *

>"What in Saint Merciful Hell happened out there?" Sarge demanded to know the moment Church arrived at the Bluebase. <p>It was hard to think of Blue Base as 'their' base anymore. It had been over a month since they started the stupid truce and the Red army clearly wasn't ready to commit to being houseguests. In fact, it was more like the 'Bled' base now, or the 'Rue' base. It was scary, but it was true.<p>

"Yeah, we heard gunshots. Where's Caboose?" Tucker added in a moment later. Grif was also present, but the others were nowhere to be seen.

Church climbed up the ramp to the top of the base and stopped to look between the two Reds and his Blue counterpart. "I think we might have a problem."

"Well, so farâ€¦all we know is that Caboose isn't with you. I can't see how this could evolve into a problem," Tucker said.

"No. Seriously." Church was, for once, trying to be dead serious. Why was it that no one believed him when he actually meant something? "Me and Cabooseâ€¦"

"Caboose and I, son," Sarge interrupted.

"What?" said all three at once.

"Dear God, what do they teach you Blues in basic training?" the Red sergeant asked.

"Can we swap camp stories after I tell you about our big problem?" Church ventured with an annoyed tone. When no one said anything, he sighed heavily. "Okay. First off, Caboose is dead. O'Malley sniped him and then ran away."

Oddly, everyone seemed a lot more shocked by this news than he had expected. "Wait a secondâ€¦did you just say Caboose is dead?" said Tucker.

"Uhâ€¦yeah," Church said slowly. "And that's not all. Apparently, O'Malley's raising some kind of robotic armyâ€¦"

"You mean to tell me that you let the enemy take the life of a fellow soldier?" Sarge demanded. "How low can a man be?" he added in a tragic voice. "Usually I'd understand, you being Blue and all, but that is not something I would expect from anyoneâ€¦but a soulless vermin."

"Hey, whatâ€¦" Church protested. "I didn't let that happen, it just happened. And did I fail to mentionâ€¦gigantic robot army?"

"Are you sure he's dead? I mean, did you check to see if he was still alive?" said Tucker, ignoring Church's previous comment entirely.

"Are you kidding me? Of course I checked! There was a friggin' hole in his head! It was spouting blood!"

Everyone stared at him.

Church stared back. "What."

"You left Caboose to die, moron," Grif said. "I mean, he was still bleeding!"

"That's what usually happens after someone gets shot," said Church defensively.

"Not if they're already dead, you Blue-brained lunkhead," Sarge informed him.

Grif snorted. "Yeah, geez, even I knew that."

Realization of the crucial mistake he had made cause Church to stare blankly ahead for a few moments more. And then:

"Ohâ€|_shit_."

* * *

>The sound of heavy footsteps crushing wet soil stirred Caboose into semi-consciousness. Faintly, through his visor, he saw someone hovering over him. It was murky and gray, and the droplets on the front of his helmet made things difficult to see. <p>His head hurt. It was like a very bad ice cream headache. Onlyâ€|he did not remember eating any ice cream. Maybe Church would know why his head hurt. But where was Church?<p>

"Isâ€|thatâ€|youâ€|Church?" he said to the strange shadow-person.

Overhead, the shadow laughed triumphantly. "No, you senseless fool! Your puny-minded friend left you here to die!" He laughed again. "Don't you see? They care nothing for you! You're nothing more than a mindless puppet!"

"You know, we should really work together to improve the world and make it a better place to live for everyone!" Doc chimed in.

"And I agree!" O'Malley laughed. "Exceptâ€|for that last bit on the end. We'll improve the worldâ€|by destroying it! Yes!" Yet more psychotic laughter.

Left him toâ€|dieâ€|? No. Silly purple, talking shadow. Church wouldn't ever leave him all alone. Church would try to save him.

â€|â€|â€|

Wouldn't he?

2. Version 15

**Bled vs. Rue**

****Summary:** **When O'Malley takes over Red base, Red and Blue are forced to uniteâ€|again. Friends. Foes. Warfare. Red vs. Blue fic.

****Notes:** **Thanks for the positive feedback, people. Hope this chapter mildly entertains you, as we all wait patiently for episode 74 to come out. Sorry this chapter is slightly shorter than I wanted it to be.

Translations for Lopez are at the bottom of the page. If you want to get the indicated humour, I would suggest scrolling down and reading them periodically.

****Disclaimer:** **Consult the previous chapter.

* * *

>Chapter Two: Version 1.5

"Come on, he was right here when I left him!"

It had stopped raining on the ledge, now devoid of any sign indicating Caboose had been there just a few short minutes ago. Either the rainwater had washed away the blood, or someone had scrubbed the ground clean of evidence. But the rookie's body was undeniably missing.

"Why would O'Malley shoot Caboose? Wouldn't it have made more sense if he'd shot the one holding the sniper rifle first?" Tex wondered aloud. So far, she seemed to be the only one set on solving the mystery of Caboose's disappearance rather than blaming Church for it.

"Of course not," Sarge said in response. "Artificial intelligence is much more superior than the average soldier, second only to the sheer brilliance of the one who created it in the first place."

"No. Seriously, guys. He was right here. There's no way he could have gotten up and walked away," Church insisted.

Sarge made a throat-clearing sound. Tucker, who was standing beside him, gave him a strange look. "Now that isn't necessarilyâ€"

"Different situation," said an annoyed Church.

"You don't think O'Malley would haveâ€|" Tex started, looking over at the distant Red base with what might have been a thoughtful expression.

"Tex, the guy shot Caboose. How could that possibly be a reason to take his body back to his diabolical lair andâ€|Fuck!" he swore, realizing the significance of what he was saying.

"I'm going to assume that sentence was meant to end differently," said Tucker.

"Church, I truly hate to be the one to break the bad news to you," Sarge said with every implication of guiltless pleasure. "I'm afraid your man Caboose won't ever be the same person he once was."

"Wow. Thanks a lot. Remind to me ask a Red the next time I want someone to state the completeâ€"obvious."

"Wait, what was the bad news?" said Tucker.

* * *

>Red lights glowed in Caboose's somewhat bizarre vision. Someone's head loomed above him. But it was not purpleâ€|and it was not blue. In fact, it looked green. And then that someone spoke out loud.
<p>"Oh, there you are. Glad you're back in the world of the living, blue guy."<p>

"Pienso todavÃ-a que esto es un desecho de nuestro tiempo," said a monotonous voice from nearby.

"Man, you really need to learn how to lighten up, Dad," the voice from the green helmet shot back. "He was really badly hurt. I'm just

glad CPR worked on him. I'm a robot, not a doctor."

"Whereâ€¦amâ€¦I?" Caboose wondered out loud, before standing on his feet. That was funny. His arms felt much heavier than before. He must have gained weight while he was sleeping.

"Oh, right," said the robot in green armor. "I'm PhillipÃ©, the friendly mechanic. Lopez here is my father. Don't let the fact that he's just a head throw you off, though."

"Yes. We have met before." Caboose turned slightly towards the head sitting on a ledge nearby. "Hello, Lopez. You are lookingâ€¦extraâ€¦shiny today."

"Yo le destruirÃ© cuando usted no lo espera," said Lopez.

"He is a nice robot," Caboose told PhilipÃ©. "Um, Mr. Phillipâ€¦ Do you, by any chance, knowâ€¦my name?"

"I was kind of hoping you'd tell me," said PhilipÃ©. "I guess that bullet in your head did more damage than I thought."

"I do not think I remember being a bullet," said Caboose. "But! I do remember being O'Malley! Thenâ€¦I am probably calledâ€¦Bob."

"Well, Mr. Blue Guy, O'Malley is the guy who runs this base." There was a pause as the green-armored robot thought. "Are you sure you're okay?"

"I can't move my arms. They must think it's naptime."

"No, they're just new. Apparently, that bullet nicked part of your spinal column and caused you to lose almost all motor capabilities in your arms. That other maroon guy thought it was pretty funny."

"I didn't even know my arms had motors in them."

"They do now. Lopez and I replaced them with cybernetic parts. Hey, that kind of makes us half-brothers!"

"Yo no reconozco que este paquete de carne para sir mi hijo," Lopez remarked with a touch of resentment.

"You know, we can't just go calling you 'Mr. Blue Guy' all the time. You need a name," said PhilipÃ©, glancing over Caboose's blue suit. "I don't know. My internal processing unit tells me you look like a 'Steve'."

"SugerirÃ© a Francisco," said Lopez.

"I like Steve," said Caboose. "I think he and I will be very happy as roommates."

"Oâ€¦kay, whatever that means," PhilipÃ© confirmed slowly. "Your name is now officially 'Steve one point five'."

"This is going to be very exciting," Caboose surmised in an exaggerated whisper. "I can feel tinglingâ€¦in all nine of my toes."

"All ten," PhilipÃ© corrected cheerfully. "We're going to have so much fun! Right, Dad?"

"Tengo a ningÃºn hijo," said Lopez.

* * *

>A meeting was called, which included each and every member from both Red and Blue teams. Tex stood a ways off, being part of neither end and, secretly, against the idea of a rescue operation. It wasn't like she didn't like Caboose. They both shared the experience of being infested with that slimy AI, O'Malley. The problem with the proposed mission was the fact that it had insanely low odds of success.

Maybe 'insanely low' wasn't the right way to put it. More like 'as likely as Sarge promoting Grif'.

"All right, men," said Sarge gruffly. "And Blues. We've got ourselves into a saturation."

"Uh, I think you mean 'situation', sir," said Grif.

"I think I mean 'shut the hell up, dirtbag'," the red sergeant retaliated. "Now as I was saying, we have a 'sit-u-a-tion' that needs to be addressed."

"Yeah. Caboose has been captured by O'Malley," Church explained in addition.

Sarge looked at him. "What? I was talkin' about the enchilada somebody ate out of the fridge that clearly had my name on it. Why do you think I called this meeting?"

"What?" Church objected. "What about Caboose? He's in trouble!"

"Yeah, I want to hear about Caboose. It's important that we rescue him," Tucker added with a horribly distinct air of insincerity.

"Since when do you care what happens to Caboose?" said Church.

"I didn't say that. I'm just saying, that the safety of our teammate is obviously far more important than who ate who's enchilada," Tucker explained. "In fact, I think we should just forget it ever existed."

"Gentlemen, if we were in any condition to mount a rescue operation, we would have done that ages ago," Sarge addressed.

"I agree with Sarge," said Tex.

Church spun on her. "You do?"

"You do?" said Sarge.

"We barely have enough ammunition to take out one armed robot, let alone a whole army," said Tex. By now, everyone had their attention

focused on her. The enchilada was forgotten. "Besides, Caboose had been there for hours now. Who knows what O'Malley's done with him, or even if he's still alive."

"Tex, you don't understand," said Church. "I let Caboose get taken by O'Malley. He probably thinks I did it on purpose!"

"And?" she fired. "Who's fault is that? And why do you care, anyway? The Church I know doesn't give a crap about what other people think."

"Yeah, well I'm pretty sure the Church died when he got blown up by a tank, sniped by his own teammate, then blown up again, sent hurtling backwards through time, waited for a thousand years, got thrown into the future, and blown even further into the future by the same bomb that caused him to get blown into the past in the first place!"

Everyone just stood for a few moments, staring at him. No one moved. Then Grif and Donut exchanged glances.

"Man, you just used the word 'blown' four times and I didn't feel a thing," said Tucker.

"Shut up, Tucker."

* * *

>Lopez translations (from top to bottom):

Pienso todavÃ-a que esto es un desecho de nuestro tiempo.
> I still think that this is a waste of our time.

Yo le destruirÃ© cuando usted no lo espera.
> I will destroy you when you least expect it.

Yo no reconozco que este paquete de carne para sir mi hijo.
> I do not acknowledge this bag of meat to be my son.

SugerirÃ-a Francisco.
> I was going to suggest Francisco/I suggest Francisco.

Tengo a ningÃ°n hijo.
> I have no son.

* * *

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